

CALEDONIA,

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POEM

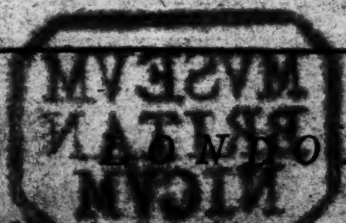
At His Majesty's Command, the Third of December 1707.
In Honour of

SCOTLAND,

AND THE

SCOTS Nation.

In Three Parts.



Printed by J. Morphew, and Sold by John
Morphew, near Stationers-Hall. 1707.

At Holy-rood-House, the Third of December,
1706.

HIS GRACE Her Majesty's High Commissioner,
and Lords of Privy Council, having considered a
Petition given in to them by Daniel De Foe Esq; And
the sament being Read in their Presence, His Grace, and
the said Lords, do hereby grant License to the Petitioner
and his Assignes, to Publish the Poem, Entitled, CALE-
DONIA, a Poem, in Honour of Scotland, and the Scots
Nation; and discharges any other Person to Print, Vend,
Import, or Sell the said Poem, during the space of Seven
Years, without the Petitioner, or his Assignes Warrant
or Commission, under the pain of forfeiting and seising
the Copies so Printed, Imported, Vended, or Sold, for the
Use of the Petitioner and his Assignes, and under the
Penalty of Ten Pound Sterling for each Hundred of the
said Copies Imported, Printed, Vended or Sold in manner
foresaid, and proportionably for a greater or lesser Number.

Extracted by me A. MAITLAND, Cl.Scti. Concilii.



To His GRACE the Duke of
Queensberry, &c. Her Maje-
sty's High Commissioner to the
Parliament of SCOTLAND.

May it please your GRACE,

SCOTLAND her self is my Advo-
cate, to entreat your GRACE's Par-
don for this Attempt ; An Essay to
rescue her from *Slander in Opinion*, and
Reproach in the Mouths of the *partial*
World, however meanly performed, can-
not but engage her in my Behalf.

Scotland has had many an *ill Picture*
drawn for her in the World ; and as she
had been represented in *False Draughts*,
no Wonder the Injuries she has suffered
are intolerable.

All the *Spies* sent *hither*, have carry'd
back an *ill Report* of the *Land*, and fill'd
the World with weak *Banters* and *Clam-*
our at they know not what.

If I can give a better turn to the Work,
and show *Scotland's true Picture* to the
World ; if I can rescue her from the Ma-
lice and Ignorance of *Men*, they that do't
like

The Dedication.

like it may be angry, and your GRACE, discerning the *Imperfection*, may think me an *ill Painter*; but I am confident will pardon that, and approve the *Design*, as a step to *abler Hands* in time to do the *Nation* more Justice.

This *Attempt*, May it please your GRACE, shall clear the way to that *general Character*, in which *Scotland* shall in time, come behind no *Nation* in *Europe*, in which she now differs only thus, *That they obtain a Glory they cannot merit, and Scotland merits a Glory that she has not obtain'd*; and the Consequence of this must be, *That she shall no more be ill treated in words, by those who dare not look her Sons in the Face.*

When a *Stranger* comes into *Scotland*, fill'd with those formidable *Ideas*, which the *Enemies* of the *Nation* ignorantly and maliciously have form'd in him, he is confounded and ashamed of himself, the *Cultivated Lands*, the noble *Harbours*, the numerous *Villages*, the *Seats* of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, and the *Plenty* of all things are perfect *Surprizes*; and he is apt to enquire whether this be *Scotland* or no.

When I come farther, and view the
Inha-

The Dedication.

Inhabitants, when I see the *Politeness* of the *Scholars*, the *Courtesie* of the *Gentlemen*, the *Beauty* of the *Ladies*, and at last the *Grandeur* of your *Grace's Court*, the *Illustrious Nobility*, and all the *Oeconomy* of *State* and *Government*: Amaz'd at these things, I can only acquaint your *GRACE*, that it Produc'd the following *Poem*.

For all its *Imperfections*, *Meannesses*, and whatever may render it or its *Author* despicable in your *GRACE's*, or the *Nations Opinion*, he depends upon that *Principle* of *Generosity* inherent in the *Scottish Gentlemen*, and which makes them deservedly esteem'd all over the *World*, to cover it with their *Goodness*, and look rather at the *Sincerity* and *Justice* of the *Design*, than the *Perfection* of the *Work*.

And yet as, if I did not think it was perform'd to some *Advantage*, I should be unaccountably to blame, to present it to your *GRACE*; So I acknowledge my self in some *Streight*, when I must either profess to believe it worth your *GRACE's Perusal* and *Acceptance*, or reflect on your *GRACE's Judgment* and my own *Modesty*, to offer your *Grace* what merited only to be rejected. I

The Dedication

I come off this, by *assuring* your GRACE, that I have two Merits to plead for the *Acceptance* with your GRACE, and the whole *Scottish Nation*. First, That the *Attempt* is perfectly new, and as *Inventions* generally find *Improvement* in those that come after; so I hope this shall have the same Fate, and be a step to some *Gentlemen*, of which *Scotland* is far from wanting a *sufficient Number*, to perfect this *Embrio*, and do their *Country* more compleat Justice. And Secondly, That it coming from a *Stranger*, and in *meer Sense* of *Justice* to your GRACE's *Country*, the *Gentlemen* of *Scotland* however exceeding me in the *Performance*, shall never have *Advantage* of me there, who have had the Honour, however rudely, to be the first Man that ever attempted to rescue *Scotland* out of the *Jaws* of *Slander*, the *Grave* of her *Character*, and the *Gulph* in which all the great *Actions* of her *Nobility* and *Gentry*, are too much buried, and if it were possible for *Vertue* to die, would be forgotten.

Other Merit than this, and being a Lover of *Scotland*, I plead none, except only that I may have the Honour to subscribe,

Your GRACE's most Humble, and
Obedient Servant. DANIEL DE FOE.



A LIST of Benefactors and Subscribers to this WORK.

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CALE-

CALEDONIA:

A

POEM

In Honour of

SCOTLAND.

PART I.



IN Northern Heights, where Nature seldom smiles,
 Embrac'd with Seas, and *buttrest* (a) round with Isles,
 Where lofty Shores (b) regard th' adjacent Pole;
 Where Winds incessant blow, and Waves incessant roll;
 B Where

(a) All the Western and Northern Parts of *Scotland*, are fenc'd with small Islands, which not only break off the Force of the *Atlantick Ocean*, but make excellent Harbours for Shipping, and Conveniencies for Trade.

(b) The Shores to the North of *Scotland*, may be said to regard the adjacent Pole, either because it lies directly open to the Great Northern Ocean, which no Sailer could ever yet find the Extent of; or because it sees that Pole elevated to a great Height.

Where Tyrant (a) Cold in Glacy Ocean reigns,
 And all the Habitable World disdains,
 Defies the distant Influence of the Sun,
 And (b) shines in Ice. —————

First (c) youngest Sister to the Frozen Zone,
 Batter'd by Parent Natures constant Frown.
 Adapt to Hardships, and cut out for Toil;
 The best worst Climate, and the worst best Soil.
 A rough, unhewn, uncultivated Spot,
 Of old so fam'd, and so of late forgot:
 NEGLECTED SCOTLAND shews her awful Brow,
 Not always quite so near to Heaven as now.

Circled with dreadful Cliffs and Barb'rous Shoars,
 Where the strong Snrff with high impetuous Roars,
 Invades the Rocks, and these their Rage disdain,
 And with redoubling Noise they're hurry'd home again;
 The hollow Caverns Mutual Roars return,
 And Baffled Neptune (d) raging makes the Ocean burn.

The furious Elements in vain contend,
 Unmov'd the mighty natural Breast-works stand.
 Their awful Heights in threatening Grandeur shine,
 Emblems of mightier Hearts of Stone within.
 Th' instructing Rocks, Invincible and Strong,
 Describe the Race that to these Rocks belong,

And

(a) I call that continual Cold in the Frozen Seas here, *Tyrant Cold*, because he reigns Uncontroll'd by the Accession of any Heat from the Sun.

(b) *Shines in Ice*. The Ice and Snow always give a kind of Light, tho' faint and melancholy.

(c) *Youngest Sister*, because the North Capes, and the Coast of Greenland, seem to be of the same Family, but advanc'd farther North. First youngest, a License taken to express Scotland the first of the Habitable, or at least Sociable Parts of the World, so far North.

(d) The Raging of the Sea will often resemble Fire, and seem to burn, especially as some say, on a Southerly Wind.

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of Scotland.* 3

And bid the quick retreating Waves declare,
And warn the World *against a Northern War.*
Tell them the Hopes of Conquest must be vain,
When *Hands of Steel, shall Rocks of Flint maintain.*

(a) These are *th' eternal Bounds of Providence,*
The *Oceans Bridle,* and the *Land's Defence.*
The *Warts and Wrinkles* plac'd on *Nature's Brow,*
That her Maternal Care and Conduct show.
The meanest parts of Nature *have their Use,*
And some to Terror, some to Strength conduce:
Nor is their Ornament at all the less;
For *Beauty's best describ'd by Usefulness.*

Behind this Rugged Front (b) *securely lies*
Blest Caledonia, and with Ease defies
Her Northern, or her Southern Enemies.
Fix'd by Decree, *Her Nature's not to fear*
Huge Navies there, or Icy Mountains here.
Here Towering Cliffs, and there the Beachy Shoal,
Defie the (c) *Raging Monsters of the Pole.*

B 2

There

(a) The high Shoars could be in no place more needful to place Bounds proportion'd to the furious and vast Northern Ocean that beats upon *Scotland,* from whence there is nothing but Water, to the very Frozen Zone of the North Pole. Those Rocks therefore are the *Lands Defence,* and the *Oceans Bridle,* and consequently Beauties in their Kind, made so by the Necessity of them.

(b) The Situation of *Scotland,* is certainly her Defence, against either the Fury of the Ocean from the North, or of Invaders from the South; the dangerous Coast being such, that no Fleets care to venture themselves long at Sea that way.

(c) By the *Monsters of the Pole,* may be understood the *Whales,* in former times terrible to Mariners, as frequently oversetting the small Barks they sail'd in; Or, since by the greater Skill in Navigation, that fear is at an end, it may be taken for the *Monstrous floating Islands of Ice,* which by the Fury of the Winds, are driven about the Northern Seas.

There equally they (a) *Floating Worlds* defie,
 Bid them stand off *and live*, advance *and die* :
 The Hardy Wretch that sees the Hint too late,
 Fails not to find his Folly in *his Fate*.

Behind this Rugged Front securely lies
Old Caledonia, all the Worlds (b) Surprise.
 Her Native Beauty, and her Wealth conceal'd,
 Waits (c) *the blest Hour*, when both shall be reveal'd.
 In Age, and Fancy'd Poverty Secure,
 And yet She's ever Young, and never Poor.

Here, labouring with the Injuries of Time,
 Inclement Air, Inhospitable Clime,
 Foreign Invasions and Intestine Wars ;
 Yet all her Native Beauty still appears.

Britain's (d) *Left hand*, which when she shall unite,
As Nature dictates, and the Fates invite,
 And joyn her younger Sister on the Right:
 How shall they Mutual Wealth and Strength convey,
 And with Contempt *the weaker World* Survey !
 Till THAT BLEST HOUR, how does her *Injur'd Name*
 Sleep in the Rubbish of her Ancient Fame ?

Buried

(a) *Floating Worlds*, Navies and Fleets of Ships of War to assault that Country, and transport Armies to make Descents and Depredations on the Coast.

(b) The Worlds Surprise to find so fine a Country so Peopled, and so Inhabited behind such terrible Places, which to the Seaward promise nothing but desert, and abandon'd, uninhabited Places.

(c) *The Union*, whereby Improvement shall reveal the hidden Fruitfulness of *Scotland*.

(d) *Scotland* is allowed the Left hand of *Britain*, as to Wealth, *England* as her younger Sister, in matter of Antiquity, must however be allowed the Right hand in Wealth and Trade, at least till Union, if ever that shall happen, make them all one.

Part. I. *A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.*

5

Buried in (a) Slander, by Reproach laid low :
And all the distant World believes her so :
Then let us first survey her Fancy'd Herse,
She'll find some Resurrection in our Verse ;
Till rousing from a long declining Fate,
WHOLE BRITAIN shall her Glory reinstate.

How have (b) we plac'd her out of Nature's Eye,
Where Constant Colds Few Seeds of Life supply ?
Where Nature Chill'd some despicables dwell,
Immur'd with Darknests, and all'd to Hell.
No Moderate Blessings, no Endowment share,
Nothing that's Pleasant see, nothing Delightful hear :
But see the Horrid (c) Bear march round the Pole,
And feel her Piercing Breath Congeal the Soul.
Their Musick's Whirl-wind, and the shrill Echoing Roar
of Frozen Season the Deserted Shoar.

Legends of Fables fill our partial Heads,
Of Lands where Grass ne'er grows, or Mortal treads ;
Where keenest Winds and Storms Incessant blow
On Mountains cover'd with Eternal Snow ;
Where Nature never blooms, and Sun ne'er shines,
But Cold with Cold, and Frost with Frost Combines,
(d) Inhospitable Clime.

B 3

What

(a) The Scandalous Reproaches of Authors pretending to describe either her Climate, People, or Government have been intolerable, and have buried her Character with Noise and Slander ; which being never yet defended in publick, or any Attempt made to clear up those things to the World ; Foreign Nations are too much possess'd with the Belief of what, when the Truth comes to be examined, appears meer Fiction and Falsity.

(b) *Cleaveland* in his Poem upon *Scotland*, has said a Thousand extravagant things on these Heads.

(c) By the *Horrid Bear* is to be understood, the Constellation so call'd, which *Scotland*, being so far North, easily sees in its whole Circular Motion round the Pole.

(d) This is, as suggested by Foreign Authors, in open Injury of *Scotland*, and one of the principal Reasons of this Poem.

What Country's this? And whither are we gone?
 Bright *Caledonia*, where will Fable run?
 Suffer th' impartial Pen to range thy Shoar,
 And do thee (a) Justice, Nature asks no more:

Fitted for Commerce, and cut out for Trade;
 The Seas the Land, the Land the Seas invade.
 The Promontory Clifts, with Heights emboss'd,
 And large deep Bays adorn thy dang'rous Coast;
 Alternately the Pilot's true Relief,
 These warn at Distance, those receive him safe;
 The deep indented Harbours then invite,
 First Court by Day, and then secure at Night;
 The wearied Sailors safe and true Recess,
 A full Amends for wild Tempestuous Seas.

Nature, that well foreknows a Nations Fate,
 Thus fitted *Caledonia* to be great.
 Her (b) *various Aspects* the Design explain,
 And (c) *Circumstances* shall resist in vain.
 Subject no more to ev'ry cross Event,
 She shall be Great and Rich, as Nature meant.

View next her Seas, from ancient Terrors nam'd,
 For Bug-bear Storms, by Bug-bear Sailors fam'd.

(a) *Phenician*

(a) 'Tis presum'd this Part will clear the Author from a Charge of Flattery, he designing to say nothing in this Poem, but what Justice, and the Nature of things require.

(b) *Various Aspects*, respecting the Situation of the Coast, or the Plan of the Country, which easily discovers, that *Scotland* is equally qualified for Trade with any Nation in the World; whether we consider her Openness to all Parts of the Trading World, or the Convenience of her Harbours, safe Roads, and Neighbourhood both to the *German* and *Atlantic* Oceans.

(c) Her unhappy Circumstances, with respect to the rest of *Britain*, have, without doubt, been the great Obstructions of her Prosperity, particularly as to Trade.

Part I. A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.

7

(a) *Phenician Sailors, wife in Ignorance,*
That dream'd of (b) *THULE*, yet afraid t'advance;
Thy lengthen'd Sun with uncouth Joy survey,
And vainly dream'd, it led to bright Eternal Day.
Unblest'd with Art, yet from *thy Ocean* fly,
Afraid to live, because afraid to die.
To them *thy Wealth* and *Stores* were unreveal'd,
And all beyond thee happily conceal'd.
Had they *thy Scaly Shoals of Blessings* known,
They'd long since chose *thy Shoars*, and quite forgot
their own.

Thine had been *India*, and *thy Golden Seas*
Had fill'd their Antick Songs. —————

But Fear, that *Negative of Glory*, gave
This Gift appropriate to a Race more brave.

B 4

The

—————
(a) The Ancients, in their sailing these Seas, were strangely surprized at two things. 1. The Length of the Days, which they, being generally *Phenicians* and South-Country Merchants, had not been used to: From whence some of them, more addicted to superstitious Observations than the rest, blindly imagined, that (since the farther they went North-ward, the Days were the longer, and in some parts hardly any Night) the *Elysium* Shades must needs be thereabouts, and that if they should go further, they should come at length to Bright Eternal Day. 2. They were surpriz'd, not with the Storms and Tempests only, but with the Tides and Currents, which were not only strange to 'em, but particularly terrible, in that they drove 'em in amongst the Rocks and Shores, where they often perish'd, not from any Real Danger, but for Want of Judgment. From whence we have them often expressing themselves in this manner,

————— And *BRITISH Seas*,
Where Storms incessant blow,
And Tides uncertain ebb and flow.

(b) *Thule*, an Island in the North of Scotland, was frequently fabled among the Ancients, to represent the *Elysium*, which could be for no other Reason, than the Length of Days.

Brigbt THULE far advanc'd in raging Seas.
Dierum spatia ultra nostri Orbis mensuram, & nox clara, & extrema
Britannia: parte brevis, ut finem atque initium Luris exiguo discrimine
intermiscuit. Nec Solem occidere & exsurgere, sed transire
adfirmant. Tacit. Vit. Agricolaë Cap. 12. Sect. 5.

The frighted *South-taught* Navigators fly,
 And *mock'd with Fear*, their own Success destroy.
 Unpractis'd in thy watry Wars, they shun
 Thy safer Coast, and at a Distance run.

Thy Seas, tho' vast, and in Extent unknown,
 In Wealth and Strength to Thee (a) subservient grown.
 Calm Tides, smooth Surface, and a shining Brow,
 And gentle Gales for Wealth and Commerce blow.
 These reconcile the once so dreadful Waste,
 And *Art* and *Industry* supply the rest.

(b) *Hail Science*, Natures second Eye,
 Begot on Reason by Philosophy,
 Man's Telescope to all that's Deep and High;
 What Infinites dost thou pursue!
 The Tangled Skeins of Nature how undo!
 Pierce all her darkeſt Clouds, her Knots untye,
 And leave her naked to the wandering Eye.

What Gust of Knowledge blew thee off to Sea?
 A desperate Curiosity!
 In Mountain-Waves, and raging Wind,
 Tell us, what could'st thou hope to find?
 'Tis answer'd,—These are Natures Schools,
 To teach the Power of Art and Rules.

From hence what vast instructing things thou'st brought,
 Besides the *Huge Remains* not yet found out.
 But of all Knowledge, this was sure the best,
 As 'tis the *Pole-star* to the rest.

How

(a) The Seas indeed in these Parts are subject to Storms, but nothing unusual, or uncommon with the rest of Britain.

(b) This is a Poetical Excursion upon the extraordinary Improvement and Perfection which the World has attain'd in the practical part of Navigation.

Part I. *A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.*

9

*How wing'd with Science, Men might trace
The foaming Oceans roughest Face ;
Plow the vast Furrows of th' amazing Deep,
With Ease and Safety sail and sleep.*

No more th' *uncertain Northern Tides* shall fright,
Familiar Dangers lessen to the Sight ;
The Rocks and Sands, the threatening Shoar,
Pledges of certain Death before ;
Now Roads and Harbours *found for help* appear,
And show the Follies of our ancient Fear ;
Under their *Weather Banks* we calmly ride,
Danger and Safety they divide.
Now they appear the Aids of Providence,
The Sailor's Safety, and the Lands Defence.

Bold Science, whither wilt thou steer !
See how the Tempests arm'd with Death, appear ;
Read but the threatening Language of the Skies,
How gathering Clouds, *with-Child* of Thunders rise ;
See Mountains heap'd, in strong Rebellion move,
See *Ossa* top'd with *Pelion*, threatening *Jove* ;
See angry Nature rous'd to Civil War,
'Twas Prudence first taught Mankind how to fear ;
Bold Science, whither wilt thou Steer !

Vain Caution ! See the *daring Nymph* sets Sail,
What *Fear* calls Storm, *she* calls a welcome Gale ;
On raging Waves, and Mountain Billows tost,
She sees with Joy her Port, with Joy *she* quits the Coast ;
The Wind's embrac'd with high expanded Wings,
The Sailors sleep and fly, *the Pilot sings* ;
Sometimes he mounts so high, he turns his Ear,
And listens for the Musick of a Sphere ;
Charm'd with the Symphony, he'll Consort keep,
And Beat true Time, tho' he reviews the Deep.

She's

She's gone ! new *Worlds* she seeks, new *Worlds* she
 finds,
 She rides on Tempests, and improves the Winds ;
 The *Elemental Terrors* she'll despise,
 And *Bully Neptune* boldly she defies.
 See how Mankind, *by her Experience* taught,
 Has all to *Rule* and *Method* brought ;
 The (a) *Practicable Seas* to Art submit,
 And Wealth and Commerce freely circulate ;
 With steady hand *th' experienc'd Pilot* steers,
 And laughs in *Northern Waves*, at *Southern Fears* ;
 Defies the *two and thirty Hosts* of *Air*,
 And sits compos'd i'th' midst of *Elemental War* ;
 All unconcern'd at *Nature's Quarrels*, he,
 To his own Use, applies their Enmity.

The *Furious Wind*, the *Water's Rage*,
 He wisely joyns to his just End, *the Voyage* :
 In this he makes *their pointed Rage* agree,
 And forms their *Discord* into *Harmony*.

So jarring Parties in a State,
 By the *Wise Conduct* of the Crown,
 Are manag'd to support the *Magistrate*,
 And fix that Power they struggle to pull
 down.

Knowledge gives Courage, Science makes Men brave ;
 Folly drives headlong to the *Grave* :
 For Ignorance and Fear make Cowards run
 Into those *Dangers* they're afraid to shun.

Discretion

(a) *Practicable Seas*, made so by the Improvements of Navigation, and particularly the Extraordinary Methods of Building, as well as of Managing great Ships, fitting them to bear the roughest Sea, and to sail to the remotest parts of the World.

Discretion only makes Men safe and bold,
While Fears the Remedies withhold ;
Fear holds the Gates of Reason fast,
Shuts out its help, and *so the Coxcomb's lost.*

The Pilot now, Consummate in his Skill,
Made safe by Nature, mounts the Watry Hill ;
Thro' Paths untrod, and Mazes of the Deep,
He Cuts his *Guided Course*, the rough, the steep,
Are all made smooth to him, he knows his Way,
He neither fears the Night, nor Courts the Day :
Thro' all the Tempests Midnight Rage he flies,
Visits the Bottoms now, *anon the Skies.*

When up to Heav'n he mounts, the *Chearing Sun*
Makes glad, and 'tis the same when darting down ;
To all the Dark Abyfs *he shoots*, and sees
The Hollow Deeps of *Natures Nudities* ;
Till his Blest Port with *steady Hand* he finds :
And thus to Art *he reconciles the Winds.*

Thus vanishes the Horrid and the Wild,
And *Nature's* now with pleasant Eyes beheld ;
When *Boreas*, mad with *Northern Vapours*, raves,
We smile, and with Contempt survey the Waves.
Art reconciles the Elements, and *Trade*
Can now with ease the *Globes Extreame*s invade.
Eternal circulating Commerce flows,
And ev'ry Nation; ev'ry Nation *knows.*
Torrid and Frigid scale, and joyn the Poles,
And far as Wind can blow, or Water rolls,
Ships sail ; and Men in search of *Wealth* will trace
All the *Meanders* of the Universe.

The rough, the smooth, to Men of Art submit ;
The *Northern Winter Cold*, or *Southern Heat*,

With

With equal Safety, and with equal Ease,
 Calm *Caspian Lakes*, and *Caledonian Seas*.
 By Natures Aid, and Arts concurring Law,
 Dangers are only Helps to draw.
 The *Thirsts of Honour* Generous Minds bewitch,
 And Danger tempts the Brave, *as Gold the Rich*.

'Twas Courage first that ventur'd out to Sea,
 Young in Experience, as Philosophy.
Noah himself had certainly been drown'd,
 Had not his Courage, *as his Faith*, been found.

Hail Caledonia! By vast Seas embrac'd ;
 Those Seas for *Glory, Wealth, and Terror* plac'd.
 Dreadful in Fame, to thee familiar grown,
 Suited to no Mens Temper like thy own:

The bounteous Ocean (a) fraught with Native Gold,
 Sav'd it for thee ; *by its own Curse*, (b) the Cold.
 Had not the Storms and Tempests govern'd here,
 And fenc'd this *long hid Treasure* round with Fear,
 Past Ages had thy rifled Store decreas'd,
 And *Foreign Nations* all thy Wealth possess'd.
 Wealth that well suits a hardy Race, like thine,
 'That dares thro' Storms and Death pursue the Mine.
 Wealth hid from Cowards, and the fainting Hand,
 Scar'd with the *Seas*, content to Starve by *Land*.

But

(a) Fraught with Native Gold, *i.e.* the Treasury of the Fish, which is Gold efficiently, because an Immense Treasure is drawn from it by all those Nations that apply themselves to that Trade.

(b) That Cold, which by the Ancients was thought intolerable, and kept those Seas for so many Ages impracticable, doubtless, prevented the Discovery of the great Treasure of the Fishery, not that their taking of them could have lessened the Quantity ; but without doubt Foreign Nations might have been prompted not to have fish'd here only, but perhaps, to have taken Possession of the Land, for the sake of the Vast Trade, and in time have been too strong to be displac'd : And so a more powerful Nation have disposs'd the *Scots* both of their Trade and their Country too.

But when thy daring Sons the *Waves* explore,
 The *Ocean* yields her (a) unexhausted Store;
 Thy open Harbours all her Gifts divide,
And Seas of Wealth, roll in with ev'ry Tide:
 The *Golden Shoals*, thy very Nets pursue,
 Laugh at the lesser Treasures of *Peru*;
 Prompt thee to change the Meanness of thy State.
 Bid thee, when e're thou wilt, be Rich and Great.

Tell us, ye Sons of Myst'ry, from what Hand,
 What (b) secret High Command
 Gives out the Word that's heard to *Nature's Deep*,
 Where all the Scaly Tribes their Councils keep?
 Who tells them when the very Month arrives?
 And who the secret Order gives?
 When from the Womb of Wonders far by *North*,
 The mighty Slymy Hosts come forth;
 The num'rous Legions spread the Sea,
 The wondring frightened Waves give way;
 Forward the Mighty moving Hosts push on,
 All guided by a Hand unknown.
 Th' involuntary well directed Fry,
 The *unknown Something* readily obey.

No

(a) Not our Experience only allows the Store to be unexhausted, in that the Quantity is every Year renewed; but Authors tell us, that even in their daily Fishing in one and the same place, when great Quantities are taken up, yet those that remain, and may immediately be taken in the same place, seem not to be lessened. *Minorum ad littora piscium tanta benignitate Dei Opt. Max. praeventus est, & quo major frumenti Caritas est, eo etiam uberior; ut cum uno quovis die ingentem vim abstuleris, prostridie illius diei non minor eodem in loco appareat.* Hæst. Boeth. Scot. Reg. Descriptio. p. 8.

(b) *Secret high Command*, The wonderful Original and Causes of the Pridigious Quantity of Herrings which appear in their exact Seasons, Places and Quantities, upon all the Coasts of *Scotland*, is the Occasion of this Digression.

No Pilot can with more Exactness steer,
 Not Sun or Moon divide the Year;
 Not the revolving Stars their Course obey,
 Not Darkneſs can ſucceed the Day,
 With a more punctual ſteady Peace,
 In Manner, Measure, Time and Place;
 True to the very Diſtance of the Shoar,
 They're never, where they never were before:
 Where there's but few, there ever was but few,
 To ev'ry Circumſtance ſo true.
 Such Courſes ſteer, ſuch Orders keep,
 Thro' all the wandring Mazes of the Deep;
 As if the Ancient Paths they could deſcry,
 Or read their Father's Hiſtory.

Then, *Caledonians*, lend an humble Ear,
 And your own (a) *ill accepted Bleſſings* hear,
 From the profound unmeaſur'd Deeps,
 Where *Nature* all her Wonders keeps:
 Her (b) *Handmaid, Inſtinct*, this Bleſſ'd Meſſage
 gave
 To all the *Watry Crew*, beneath the *Watry Cave*.

Go

(a) *ill accepted*. It muſt be owned, *Scotland* has not given that full welcome to this Gift of Heaven, the Fiſh, that *Nature* and Providence ſeemed to expect from them, for whoſe Benefit, without doubt, they were appointed.

(b) *Inſtinct* is here repreſented, as delivering a Meſſage in the *Watry Audience*, and making a Speech to the Fiſh; the Image, it's hoped is not improper, nor is the Liberty taken, at all Unpoetical; ſo I make no excuſe for it, but think, that what we call *Inſtinct*, may ſerve to repreſent *Nature* in all the Creatures, obeying their Times and Seasons exactly, according to the great and juſt Law of Creation, and the Influence of Inviſible Providence.

*Go Numberless and spread the Finny Sail,
And find Britannia, Nature's Darling Isle;
There spread your Scaly Squadrons, and submit,
Your Makers Law Commands, To Every Net.
Be You their Wealth, and plenteously supply (a)
What Coldest Soil, and Steril Climes deny.
Be You Their Envy'd Blessing, and attend
The willing Prey, to the industrious Hand;
In proper Squadrons all your Troops divide,
And visit Every Creek, with Every Tide.
Present your selves to every Hungry Door,
Employ The Diligent, and feed The Poor.
If they reject the Bounties of the Sea,
Bid 'em Complain (b) no more of Poverty. }
Upbraid their Sloth, and then return to me,
(c) Visit no other Port.*

The punctual well instructed Fish obey,
And Scaly Squadrons spread the Northern Sea;
Directly point their Course, and find the Shoar,
As if they'd all been here before.
Their equal Distance keep, divide and joyn,
As if they're taught by Book, or steer'd by Line:

Their

(a) Without question they supply very much any Defect of Provisions, which either by the Sterility of the Country, or rather want of Improvement, that People may labour under.

(b) Indeed 'tis strange, to think they should let such a Wealth pass by them, and at the same time complain of Poverty.

(c) Visit no other Port. It is plain they are not found in any considerable Quantity in any Seas but these; and 'tis supposed, they return to the Northward again, where the Prodigious Breed must increase sufficiently to supply for the next Years Voyage.

Their strong Detachments send to every Creek,
 In just Proportion their own Mischiefs seek.
 Seek out the Harbours, seek th' Indented Shoar,
 T' imploy the *Diligent*, and feed the *Poor*.
 No other Port they visit.

Ah ! *Caledonia*, mark the High Command,
 And mark the Caution of the *Heavenly Hand* ;
 If thou reject the Bounties of the *Sea*,

No more Complain of *Poverty*.
 Hadst thou in early time with *Wisdom* grac'd
Heaven's Bounty, as in Duty bound, embrac'd,
 Above the *Nations* thou hadst rais'd thy Head,
 At Home their Envy, and abroad their Dread ;
 Thy Wealthy Clime would all the *World* invite,
 They'd Court Thee to *Unite*.

No more of Barren Hills and Seas complain,
 Reproach the Land with *Blasts*, with *Storms* the Main.

Not all the Spicy Banks of (a) *Ganges* Stream,
 Not Fruitful *Nile* so oft the Poets Dream.
 Not (b) *Iles* of Pearl, not rich (c) *Pacifick* Seas,
 Not the more Fruitful (d) *Caribbees*,

Not

(a) *Ganges* and *Nilus*, one a River in *India*, the other in *Egypt*:
 The first famous for its rich Spices and Drugs, and the other for
 the Prolifick Virtue of its Water, on the constant Regular Over-
 flowings whereof, the Fruitfulness of the Land depends. Whence
 some tell us, The seven Years Famine in that Country, in the Time
 of *Joseph*, was occasion'd from the *Nile's* not overflowing its Banks
 during that Term.

(b) Islands so call'd, lying in the Gulph of *Mexico*, where the
 Pearl Fishing has been worth Immense Sums to the *Spaniards*.

(c) The Great Ocean on the West-side of *America*, Vulgarly
 tho' I think Improperly, call'd, *The South Seas*.

(d) The *Caribbee* Islands, which, as now Improv'd by the *Eng-
 lish*, are suppos'd to yield the greatest Produce of any Spot of
 Ground in the World of equal Extent.

Not (a) *Africk's Wealth*, or *Chilean Stores*,
The *Silver* (b) *Mountains*, or the *Golden Shoars*,
Could such an (c) *Unexhausted Treasure* boast,

A *Treasure* how *supinely lost*!

What Pains has *Scotland* taken to be Poor,
That has the *Indies* at her Door;
That lets her *Coursest Fate* of Choice remain,
And sees her Maker *Bountiful in Vain*?

When, *Caledonians*, when will you be wise,
And search for certain *Wealth* in Native Seas?
A *Wealth* by Heav'n design'd for none but You,
A *Wealth* that does your very Hands pursue;
Upbraids You with Neglect of Your own Right,
And courts *Invading Neighbours* in your Sight.

When, *Caledonians*, when will You be wise?
When from your *Clouded Circumstances* rise?
Banish *Invaders*, *Heavens own Gifts* enjoy,
This would Your *Native Poverty* destroy.

C

This

(a) *Guinea* in *Africk*, and *Chili* in *America*, being the two principal Places which supply the World with Gold.

(b) *Silver Mountains*. The Mountains of *Potosi* in the Country of *Peru*, thought by some to be all Silver, but without Question, is the richest of that kind in the World. *Golden Shoars*: Meaning the Rivers of *Guinea*, in the Sands of which, is taken up the Gold Dust, as it is wash'd out of the Mountains by the Water.

(c) *Unexhausted Treasure*. The *Fishery*, and therefore very well propos'd to match the Treasures before spoken of, not only in its Value, but in this Peculiar, That 'tis never exhausted. Nor is it at all the less for the Prodigious Quantities that are or might be Annually taken. Which some Authors have observ'd, That they were enough to subvert the whole Nation, if there were no other Provision. *Tanta Piscum est Exundantia, cum ubique tum quo magis ad Septentrionem accedas, ut vel ii soli sufficere possint ad pastum insula totius*. Boeth. de Descrip. Reg. Scot.

This would restore your Ancient dear bought Name,
 This, and your *Valour*, would revive Your Fame ;
 How would your *Navies* quickly spread the *Seas*,
 And guard that *Wealth* they help You to possess ?
 How would Your Commerce all your Sons restore,
 And they'd seek Home that shun'd that Home before ?
 With *Wealth* and *People*, Happy, Rich and Free,
 You'd first Improve the *Land*, and then the *Sea* ;
 Be Strong, be Great, be Rich, be *Europe's* Fear,
 Their War, their Wealth, their Trade, their Ho-
 nours share.

But let's Retreat, Who can the Scene survey,
 And View this Wealth the Neighbour Nations Prey ;
 What Eye, that's *Caledonia's* Friend, can see
 Her Sons on Shoar, and Strangers spread the Sea ?
 Who can, with *Patience*, View her People Poor,
 And *Mines of Wealth*, snatch'd up at ev'ry Door ?
 The Bounty Heav'n for their Peculiar meant,
 Reap'd by the Hands to whom 'twas never sent.
 The Ocean plunder'd, the *Advantage* sold,
 While these enjoy the Tempests, those the Gold.

Hail, *Blest Conjunction* ! Britain's last best Hour,
 Shall *Caledonia* to her self restore ;
 Assert her long neglected *Property*,
 Her Blessing, her Inheritance, the *Sea*.

In hopes of this, let's land and range the Shoar,
 And view the Nation that the *World* calls Poor.
 Plenty's a doubtful Word, mistook by most,
 A modern Term for Luxury and Waste.
 So *Canaan* flow'd, the Lands in Plenty drown'd ;
 Yet *Egypt* did in vast Increase abound.
 The *World's* amus'd with different Forms of Words,
 When various Sence the various Thought affords.

Nature's

Nature's by vast Comparisons explain'd,
And all her Contradictions so maintain'd.
So Scotland's Barren, Fruitful, Poor and Rich:
Speak Malice, speak Insulters, tell us which.
Describe the Globe, run all the Climates o'er,
She's Poor compar'd to Rich, and Rich compar'd to Poor.

In Climates next, let's view her Northern Coast,
A fruitful Stile, with Epithets emboss'd,
The Horrid, Boistrous, Barren, and the Cold,
What Fabl'd Monstrous Stories have been told!
Yet range the Globe, and her Extreame survey,
And sail from (a) Magellan to Hudson's-Bay;
Ditto the West, and when the Truth's but told,
She's Cold compar'd to Hot, and Hot compar'd to Cold.

Nor is there less of Injury appears
About her Mountains, or her Mountaineers.
View but the Savage (b) Madagascar Moors,
(c) Campeche Indians, or (d) Circassian Boors,
And when the Characters we shall compare,
A Northern Highland man's a Christian there.

C 2

Polite

(a) The two extreme Parts of America, and almost both uninhabitably Cold, and to which Scotland being compared, may be stiled a hot Climate; as compar'd to Mexico and Peru, she merits the Name of Cold.

(b) A most Savage People, that go Naked, live on Raw Fleth, and are the most Brutal of any People in the World.

(c) Campeche Indians, are some of them the most Barbarous and Inhuman of any of the American Race, among whom have been found absolute Cannibals, that devour one another.

(d) The Circassian Boors, are a sort of Tartars, now under the Dominion of the Czar of Muscovy, very Cruel and Barbarous, and far worse than the most was ever pretended of the Wild Irish, or any sort of People in these Parts of the World.

Polite his Manners, and his (a) *Modern Dress*,
Is Beauty all, when match'd with *Ugliness*.

(d) I Take the *Highland Plaid*, or Dress of these *Highland Men*, to be the Remain of the Mantle of the Ancient *Goths*, and the same thing, apply'd to the same Uses of the _____ of the *Moors of Africk*, since both People use it to cover them in the Night, and therefore make no Scruple to carry it by Day in the hottest Weather.

CALE-

[21]

CALEDONIA:

A

POEM, &c.

PART II.

THE Plan's describ'd, the Seas and Shores survey'd ;

Let's now the Treasures of the Land Invade;
Traverse their Hills, and all their Vales Descry,
And spread their just Description to the Eye ;
The *Rugged Nation*, plac'd by Nature here,
Shall in their *fancied Poverty* appear ;
The World shall blush, when they their Picture see,
And Fame grow *Proud to Print* their History.
The Soil no more *unjust Reproach* shall bear,
For all they Talk of *Barren's slander here*,
And 'tis, or may be Fruitful ev'ry where.

A hardy Race, possess the stormy Strand,
And share the Moderate Bounties of the Land ;

Fitted by Nature for the *Boistrous Clime*,
 And larger Blessings will grow due by time.
 The num'rous Off-spring, patient and sedate,
 With Courage, *special to the Climate*, wait.
 When *Niggard Nature* shall their Nation hear,
 Shall smile, and pay them all the vast Arrear.

A *Manly Surliness*, with Temper mix'd,
 Is on their meanest Countenances fix'd.
 An awful Frown sits on their threatening Brow,
 And yet the Soul's all smooth, and calm *below* ;
 Thinking in Temper, rather grave than Gay,
 Fitted to govern, able to obey.
 Nor are their Spirits *very soon* inflam'd,
 And if provok'd, not *very soon* reclaim'd.
 Fierce when resolv'd, and fix'd as Bars of Brass,
 And Conquest *through their Blood* can only pass.

In spite of *Coward Cold*, the Race is Brave,
 In Action Daring, and in Council Grave ;
 Their haughty Souls in Danger always grow,
 No Man *durst* lead 'em where they *durst* not go.
 Sedate in Thought, and steady in Resolve,
 Polite in Manners, and as Years Revolve ;
 Always secure their largest share of Fame,
 And by their Courage keep alive their Name.

The lab'ring Poor dejected and supprest,
 See not th' *approaching Prospect* of their Rest.
Knowledge of Liberty's their only want,
 And loss of Expectation's their Content.
 Too much subjected to immoderate Power,
 Their *Petty Tyrants* all their Pains devour.

Th' (a) extorting Masters their just hopes Restrain,
 And (b) Diligence *is no where more in vain.*
 The (c) *Little Chiefs*, for what they call their due,
 Eat up the *Farm*, and eat the *Farmer too*;
 Suck the Life-Blood, of Tenant and Estate,
 And needless Poverty to both create.
 Mistake their Int'rest, *Nati'nal Ills procure,*
 And make the Poor be *very very Poor.*

Th' unhappy Drudge, yet bears the mighty Load,
 With strange *unnat'ral Temperance* endow'd,
 So servile, *so unus'd* to Liberty;
 He seems the last, that *wishes to be free.*
 Preposterous Wonder!

Where will Nature run?
 That Men should *Struggle* to be *twice Undone!*
 Afflictions make Men Stupid, Nature winks,
 And *Sense o'erlaid*, he acts before he thinks;

C 4

Subjected

(a) The Racking the Tenant, is not only a suppressing of the Poor, and discouraging of his Industry, but an Error in the Landlord himself, as to his own Interest; preventing the improvement of his Land, and disabling him from doing abundance of things, which would in the End be his own Advantage: And tho' abating this, might in some measure lessen the immediate Income; yet would certainly in Time, turn to the Advantage of the Family, as well as the Encouragement of the People.

(b) 'Tis impossible the Farmer in *Scotland* can ever grow Rich, while the Rent of his Farm amounts within a small matter to the Extent of the Product, and while if a scarce Year comes, he is intirely Ruined; whereas if a good Year comes, he either enjoys not the Benefit, or does not enjoy it long; it being in his Landlords Power, upon all Occasions, to raise his Demands.

(c) *Little Chiefs.* The Author is here willing to suppose, that generally speaking, no Landlords, but such as are of small Estates, would thus disregard their own Interest, or continue the Oppressions of the Poor, their Necessities not permitting 'em to be more Generous.

Subjected Nature fetter'd with Distress
 Dozes, and Bondage does the Soul possess,
 Endeavour Slackness, all the Prospects die,
 And with the *Hope*, the *Love of Liberty*.

Yet under all the Hardships of their State,
 They've something seems to claim a softer Fate ;
 Nor does it claim alone, The Grand Portent
 Foretells the Blessing, and decrees th' Event.
 'Tis plainly printed on the Painful Brow,
 They shall not *always* be suppress'd as now ;
 Th' approaching Light at Distance dawns, the Ray
 Darts a Dim Earnest of the Welcome Day.
 When sleeping Bondage doom'd to *lasting Night*,
 Shall help to make the *Chearing Beam* more bright.
 Th' enlighten'd Crowd, shall their own Freedom see,
 For willful *Blindness* only, shuts out *Liberty*.

Bondage is Ignorance, and he that sees,
 Needs no direfter Cure for that Disease.
Knowledge and Liberty go Hand in Hand,
Fools only will Obey, when Knaves Command ;
 The Sordid Yoke, *no longer can be born,*
 When once he sees, *he must* the Grievance scorn ;

He that in Blind Dependance now submits,
 Will rouse *his Strength*, when he shall rouse *his Wits* ;
Nature prevails, and Sense in Exercise,
 The Chains on Reason nat'rally unties.

Thus when *new Sight* shall once but bless the Poor,
 'Tis these will *Scotland's Liberty* Restore ;
 The strong Conviction, no Man can resist,
 And Blindness shall against her Will be Blest.

And

And now, in all their Miseries, let's View,
What Blessings they industriously pursue;
What just Equivalent they can supply,
For loss of Wealth, and loss of Liberty.

Th' *Instructed Poor*, Laborious and Supprest,
Yet in their very Miseries are Bless'd;
Crush'd with injurious Homage, they obey
GOD and their Landlord, but with different Eye;
And yet to both they pay without Regret,
To *This* the Homage, and to *That* the Debt.
The *Negatives of Nature* they Endure,
In *Virtue Rich*, tho' in Possessions *Poor*;
Knowing in *Sacreds*, in Religion *Nice*,
And ignorant in *nothing more* than *Vice*:
What Crimes they have, they borrow from Mankind,
Hell's Manufactures here are contraband.
Imported by the help of *Foreign Trade*,
Clandestinely enjoy'd, clandestinely convey'd.

Unusual Judgment fills the *meaner Heads*,
Devotion follows, as *Instruction* leads.
Grave in Behaviour, in Discourse *sedate*,
And apter to believe than to debate;
And if they can exceed in doing Well,
'Tis in a little little TOO MUCH ZEAL.

In *Doctrine* sound, in *Discipline* severe,
The Church obtains her *True Dominion* here.
And yet her *soft Coercives* yield no Pow'r,
Either to persecute, or to devour.
Fiercely tenacious of determin'd Truth,
Dreadful to Error, Vigilant of both.
The wild Opinions of a *Neighb'ring State*,
Find here no *Atom-Fancies* to create:

The strong fermented Venom hither brought,
 Like *Irish Poisons*, perish in the Thought ;
 Here no *Enthusiastick Notion* grows,
 The only *Barrenness* the Nation knows.

A *Mitred Jest* indeed, the Land perplex'd,
 Of Pomp and Pride, and Policy so mix'd ;
 The *awkard Medley* left us in Debate,
 Whether it did proceed from Church or State ;
 Begot by *Power*, and introduc'd by *Plot*,
 With Tyranny *came in*, with Tyranny *went out* ;
 But ill agreeing with *preciser Air*,
 It soon grew yellow, pale and sickly here.
 The People *Wise*, and in *Religion Nice*,
 Could not be gull'd with such a Faint Device.
 Some Blood the *Monster* drank, but when it try'd
 To take a *Dose of Liberty*, IT DY'D.
 But if their Civil State some Praise affords,
 Much greater are the Trophies of their Swords.
 Ages of Blood have brought them up to War,
 And their strong Legions breath in every Air :
 (a) They taught the very *Swedes* themselves to Fight,
 And *spight of Dulness*, arm'd the (b) *Muscovite* ;

The

(a) At the Battle of *Leipsick*, the *Scots* were the first that were ever seen to fire with their Ranks clos'd forward, and their Pieces over one another's Shoulders, or as we call it, *kneel, stoop, and stand* ; which was such a Surprize to the *Germans*, pouring in such a Quantity of Lead upon them together, that they could not stand it, which the King of *Sweden* own'd, was the great Occasion of the Victory, and practis'd it afterwards among all his Troops.

(b) The *Scots* Officers have all along been the Instructors of the *Muscovites* ; and if they are the worst Soldiers in *Europe*, it has not been for want of good Masters, but by being dull Scholars, tho' something may be ascrib'd to the Constitution of their Country, arming only the Boors, and not entertaining 'em as Soldiers, but demitting 'em after the Occasion, to their Employments again ; which Method the present Czar having alter'd, the *Russians* to *Europe's* Cost, are not unlikely to shew the World they have been very well taught.

Part II. *A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.* 27

The sordid *Russ*, to discipline they Train,
And fain would teach the (a) *Poles*, but that's in vain.
Th' untract'd Brute, in Ignorance too *Wise*,
Learn'd only how Experience to despise.
Nothing keeps Nature close in Gaol-like Pride,
Squadrons of Page-like Crimes before her ride,
And Ignorance is always next her side.

Where shall we all their Ancient Glory trace,
The forward Nations court the very Race ;
Not *Europe* ventures to commence a War,
But *Caledonian* Blood demands her Share,
And if 'tis bought or sold, 'tis always very dear.
(b) *Leipsick*—— a Name in Fames Red-letter'd Roll,
Matchless in War, where from the Frozen Pole,
(c) *Finland* sent Monsters, Strangers to the Sun,
Bred up to fight, by great *Gustave* led on ;
And yet by hardy (d) *naked Scots* out-done.

Voracious

(a) The Pride and Haughtiness of the *Pole*, has made him disdain to be Instructed, and consequently their Foot (especially) are good for nothing in the Field.

(b) Particularly famous for the great Battle between the *Imperialists* and the *Swedes*, the 3d of September, Anno ——— and afterwards for being the occasion of the great Battle at *Lutzen*, where the King of *Sweden* was slain, having made a long March to relieve this City, then Besieg'd by the *Imperialists*: But coming too late, he attack'd their Army, and overthrew 'em, but lost his Life.

(c) The *Finland* Horse, in the *Swedish* Army, grew a Terror to the *Germans*, by their Extraordinary Bravery and Discipline.

(d) The *Scots* at the Battle of *Leipsick*, were very ill clothed, and had complain'd of it to their Officers, who had often promis'd 'em a Supply ; and being just entring into the Battle, Sir *John Hepburn*, who commanded 'em, pointing to the *Imperial* Army, jestingly told them, *Their Cloaths were come, Tilly had brought 'em on purpose for 'em, and if they would have 'em, they must fight for 'em.*

Voracious Tilly, just made Drunk with Blood,
At (a) *Magdeburgh*, he rais'd the Crimson Flood ;
Tho' gorg'd with Slaughter, yet a-thirst for more,
Approach'd, all *Europe* trembled at his Power.

In *Leipsick* Plains, the dreadful Scene begun,
On brighter Deeds, the Sun himself ne'er shone.
Tilly's first Fury broke the (b) *Saxon* Line,
And cry'd *Victoria*, all the Troops fall in,
With Blood and Terror glittering Eagles shine.
The *Scots* reserv'd for Dangers, hither flie,
Danger's their Post by Nation, taught to die,
And wing'd with Rage, they (c) ravish'd Victory.

Not the unequal Squadrons, not the Day
Half lost, not Slaughter'd Saxons in the way ;
Not formidable Death, that Jest of War,
In whatsoever shapes she durst appear ;

Could

(d) Tilly had just taken *Magdeburgh* by Storm, and in a terrible manner sacked and destroyed the Town, put Seventeen Thousand People to the Sword, Men, Women and Children, and afterwards burnt the whole City to Ashes, and made himself Terrible to all the *Protestants* in *Europe*.

(b) The Duke of *Saxony's* Troops formed the Left of the *Swedish* Army, the King of *Sweden* having the Right : Upon the first Charge, the Right of the *Imperialists* broke the *Saxons*, and drove them quite out of the Field, killing between two and three Thousand upon the Spot ; and had not the *Scots* interposed, they had been all cut to pieces.

(c) The *Scots* being about Twelve Battalions of Foot, joyned with some Dragoons, made the second Line of the *Swedish* Army ; and finding how Matters went with the *Saxons* on their Flank, they immediately wheel'd to the Left, and joyning a Brigade of Foot of the *Saxons*, not yet broken, they fell in upon the pursuing *Imperialists*, and by their Extraordinary Fury, turn'd the Fortune of the Day.

Could their intrepid *steady Motion* stay,
 Nothing but Slaughter'd Foes and Victory ;
 (a) Surrounded, they with doubl'd Fury fight,
 And pleas'd with Danger, shine in (b) *naked white* ;
 (c) *Gustavus* saw, how Fury like they fought,
 And *better Witness* never Soldiers fought ;
 The Mighty Heroe smil'd, with Wonder pleas'd,
 And still they fought the more, the more he prais'd.
 They Crown'd his Head with Laurels first, and he,
 To their just Valour, (d) own'd his Victory.
 From whence advancing with a just Applause,
 The Ruin'd *Protestants* abandon'd Cause ;
 Religion and the Country, they restore,
 And Grateful *Germany* commemorates the Hour.

In

(a) The *Imperial Dragoons* being recalled from the Pursuit of the *Saxons*, and being Superiour in Number, surrounded the *Scots*, falling in upon their Flank, which making them Desperate, they fought like Mad-men, and made a Terrible Slaughter of the Enemy.

(b) In the Fury of this Fight, the *Scots* threw off their Cloaths, and fought in their Shirts; the Novelty of which, struck a strange Terrour into their Enemies, and convinced them, That despising all Danger, these were resolv'd to Conquer.

(c) The King of *Sweden* hearing of the Distress the *Scots* were in, came in Person, with a Body of Horse and Dragoons, to their Relief, Charg'd the *Imperial Dragoons*, who had engag'd their Flank, and soon clear'd them of that Incumbrance. But seeing how bravely they fought, and that there was no Danger on that Side, he call'd out Laughing, to Sir *John Hepburn*, *A L L E G R E M E N T*, which is as much as to say in *English*, *Bravely done Boys* ; and went back to his own Forces, where he soon overthrew the *Imperialists*, and completed the Victory.

(d) Both the King of *Sweden*, and the Elector of *Saxony*, publicly Complemented Sir *John Hepburn*, and the rest of the *Scots* Colonels, upon the Occasion ; and owned the Victory to be very much owing to their extraordinary Behaviour.

In thirty Months continued fierce Campaign,
 From *Leipsick* Plains, the *Neckar*, and the *Main*,
 The *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and the *Lech* they cross'd,
 No Battle where they fought, was ever lost.
 Never was such an Army, such a Head,
 Such Men to follow, such a King to Lead:
 Such Countries travers'd, or such Battles won,
 Such Conquests made, or (a) Conquests gain'd so soon.

Where shall we all their ancient Glories trace?
 Let's hasten down to *Ramellies* a-pace;
 But stop at *Phillipsburg*, and ask *Turenne*,
 And read their ancient Trophies on the *Rhine*,
 How they did there the *Gallick* Name advance,
 And by their Blood gave Plumes to (b) growing *France*.
France, that on Foreign Valour rais'd their Throne,
 By other Nations Swords, and not their own;
 Strip'd of that Help, how easily they fall.
 And faint like *Fericho*, without her Wall.



Recall'd

(a) In two Years and three quarters, they over-run two third Parts of the Empire, and were possessed of the whole Country from *Wolfemburgle* in *Westphalia*, where Duke *Hamilton*, with another Body of *Scots* acted, to *Prague* in *Bobemia*: And had the King of *Sweden* out-lived the Battle of *Lutzen*, he had bid fair to have taken Winter-Quarters at *Vienna*.

(b) To growing *France*. The *Scots* Regiments under the Viscount de *Turenne*, and particularly *Douglas* his Regiment, consisting then of 4 or 5000 Men, were the Flower of his Infantry, and help'd to make *France* Terrible; as at that time she was to all her Neighbours.

Part II. *A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.* 31

Recall'd from hence, they (a) *William's Sword* obey,
 And beat the *French* at *Mons* for (b) *want of Pay*.
 Soon as the *Caledonian Bands* appear,
 Not (c) *Luxemburg* himself disdain'd to fear;
 'Twas on their Valour he had rais'd his Fame,
 He knew they'd Conquer *wheresoe'er* they came.
 He'd seen 'em fight when great (d) *Turenne* lay dead,
 He'd seen them follow, where he (e) durst not lead;
 He'd seen them fight, when all the Army fled.

When

(a) *William's Sword.* The *Scots* were recall'd out of the *French* Service, by King *Charles the Second*, at the Instance of his Parliament, soon after the Marriage of the late King *William*, then Prince of *Orange*, with the Princess *Mary*, a little before the Peace of *Nimeguen*, and order'd to joyn the Prince of *Orange's* Army in *Flanders*.

(b) *Want of Pay.* When the *Scots* were recall'd from the King of *France's* Service, they were very ill treated, carried to the remotest Parts of *France*, and there Dismiss'd with but very little Money, order'd to travel but two or three together, the Countrey order'd not to Trust them; and every where great Rewards offer'd them to Lift, on purpose to force them into their Service; by which means, very few of that great Body reach'd Home; but they that did, Vow'd to be revenged of the *French*, if ever they came to Hands with them, which they made good at the Battle of *Mons*.

(c) *Luxemburg himself.* The Duke of *Luxemburg* Commanding the *French* Army at *Mons*, placing some of his best Infantry at a Post where he expected the Prince, told some of his Officers, That if the Prince of *Orange* ventur'd to Attack him there, he was sure it must be with the *Scots* Regiments; intimating, that they were the fittest Troops he had for so desperate a Work.

(d) *Turenne lay Dead.* When *Turenne* was Kill'd, the *Scots* Brigade stood the shock of the First Line of the *German* Army, with so much Resolution, that very much Recover'd the *French* out of the Surprise they were under, for the Loss of their General.

(e) *Durst not lead!* 'Twas *Luxemburg's* Post that Day, to have been with the Advanced Troops, amongst which the *Scots* were posted; but he thought fit to get himself imploy'd elsewhere; which some said, was taken notice of in the Army, as if he thought the Service too hot for him.

When wife (a) *de Lorge*, to shun his own Defeat,
Under their Valour shelter'd his Retreat.

Th' experienc'd Heroe, grave in War and State,
In This as sober, as in That sedate.
Advis'd his Master, caution'd by his Fear,
To gain the *Scots*, or else decline the War.

Then view 'em under fifteen Years Recess,
Ranging thro' *Europe*, to avoid the Peace.
Battle and Death, they make their chief Delight,
And in all Nations, teach the World to fight.

Buda, the dreadfullst Siege the World e'er saw,
What Heroes did the Fame of Danger draw ?
(b) *Lefly*, th' Old *Croatian* Ban appears,
And daring *Scots* led up the Volunteers.

What Actions, pass'd, let only such relate,
Who know how Men resolv'd to Conquer meet ;
Never was Town with such strange Fury fill'd,
Such Deeds, *Victoria* seldom has beheld ;
Such Storms, such Fury, Flesh and Blood ne'er bore,
Nor Town was ever so maintain'd before ;
The desp'rate Garrison disdain to fear,
With their own slaughter'd Bones, the Breach repair ;
Contemning

(a) *Wife De Lorge*, who took upon him the Command of the Army at the Death of *Turenne*, obtain'd great Reputation, by retreating the Army to an Advantageous Post, while the extraordinary Bravery of the *Scots*, kept the whole *German* Army in play.

(b) *Lefly*. This was, Old *Lefly*, General of the *Imperial* Forces, and made Ban or Governour of *Croatia* by the Emperor; the same that burnt the Bridge of *Esseck*, and though near Eighty Years of Age, and tortur'd with the Gout, yet performed a great many Desperate Services against the *Turks*, during that War, and some of them in the Depth of Winter.

Contemning Mercy, they like Furies fight,
And *just as fast* as Life declines, submit.

What Streams of Blood must in such Fights be lost?
What Fatal Price must such a Conquest cost?
Life so bestow'd, is always *sold too dear*,
But, VALIANT SCOTS, what Business had you here,
With Noble Blood adorn'd, and blooming Years,
You *were not made* to Storm like Musqueteers;
Scotland run too much venture *in your Blood*,
To have *your Rate* so little understood;
You had no *desperate Fortunes* there to raise
Your Names enough, *you could not fight for Praise*:
Then why so Lavish? Why so rashly Brave?
To play away the Lives you ought to save?
Scotland has Sons indeed, but none to spare,
To furnish out the *Shows and Sports* of War;
You are her tenderest part, which touch the whole,
And what lets out your Blood, *lets out her Soul*.

Pardon the (a) Satyr's interrupting here,
She owns, she hates this Volunteering War,
When neither King, nor Country to retrieve,
The injur'd help, or the Oppress'd relieve,
Neither to gain Dominion, or to save;
Men die for nothing but the Fame of Brave:
So (b) Foster Hang'd himself with deep Design,
Only to see himself be buried fine.

D

Hard

(a) *Satyr's interrupting.* 'Tis hop'd, no Gentlemen in *Scotland*, will take this for a Personal Satyr; but as I take Volunteering to be a Vice in War, as 'tis now practis'd, where Men fit to lead Armies, serve as private Centinels; the Author hopes he may be excus'd, in condemning the Practice, as an Injury to their Native Country.

(b) *Foster Hanged himself.* A Foolish Fellow in *England*, who often talk'd of Hanging himself, that he might have a fine Funeral, and at last did it; but whether upon that account, or no, is not very certain.

Hard Fate of Men, that only for a Name,
 Will, in their own Destruction, seek their Fame.
 That covet Dangers, and *ride Post* to die,
 To live in Air, and WALK in Memory ;
 Vain Fame, with high Fermented Vapour hot,
 To be remember'd, strives to be forgot.
 Wrap'd in his Jest, the bubbl'd Heroe dies,
 Immortaliz'd in Mortal Memories,
 Fills up a Ballad, made too great in Rhime,
 Is Fabl'd into Tale, and dies again by Time.

And this for nothing, but to have it known,
 He Dy'd an ASS of very great Renown ;
 A forward Coxcomb, who in haste to Die,
 Fought for he car'd not who, nor car'd not why.

One just Excuse indeed, some few may give,
 That Die, because they can't tell how to Live :
 These shall in Pity 'scape our Censure here,
 So Cowards dare not Live, and hang themselves
 for Fear.

He's truly Brave, that Fights in Just Defence }
 Of Virtue press'd, of injur'd Innocence, }
 Himself, the Laws, his Neighbour, or his }
 Prince ;
 Dares all the Lawful Calls of Fate obey,
 No Danger will decline, No Trust betray ;
 While he that heals his Tortures in the War,
 Owns he's a Coward, and only fights for Fear :
 As for the Sport of Fighting, that's a Jest,
 They talk of most, that understand it least.

Buda reduc'd, and Gallantry laid by,
Europe, the Sweets of short liv'd Peace enjoy ;
Not the Recess of Arms can cool their Fire,
Quench'd in the Act, they burn in the Desire;
Not *Capuan* Plenty, not luxuriant Ease,
The Man of Action's first and worst Disease,
Can Taint their Temper, quench their Thirst of
Fame,
Or Rust the polish'd Splendor of their Name.
Their Arms may tarnish, but the Soul's kept bright,
For, spight of Practice, they by Nature fight ;
Born Soldiers, fitted from the Birth for Fame,
Bodies all Iron, and their Souls all Flame.

The War revives, *Bellona* sounds to Arms,
The *Scots*, by Nature ravish'd with her Charms,
From their remotest Mountains hear the sound,
And Troops of Hero's spread *Hibernian* Ground ;
With Native Fire, and Sense of Glory fill'd,
And wing'd with Joy, they rush into the Field.

In ev'ry Action that deserv'd a Name,
They shar'd the Hazard, others shar'd the Fame ;
William with Pleasure often led 'em on,
They gave, they guarded, and they lov'd his Crown ;
Smiling he view'd the Wonders of their Hands,
Happy the Gen'ral, Troops like these Commands ;
The gladdened Monarch said,

When at *Namure*,
Ramsay fell on, and mock'd the *Gallick* Power,
And emulating Nations wond'ring, first gave o're.
At *Derry*, *Limrick*, *Agrim*, or the *Boyn*,
Athlone, *Namure*, at *Steenkirk*, or *Landen* ;
At all, their Hero's fought, at all they Dy'd,
And latent Virtue want of Victory supply'd.

William, that Men of Courage lov'd t' obey,
 How Mourn'd he *Douglafs*, *Angus*, and *Mackay*?
 Too great a Loss for one Unhappy Day.
 A Loss that yielded *France* the Victory;
 A Loss that none but *Scotland* could supply;
 None had such to survive, or such to Die.

Should we to recent Memory apply,
 And trace the *Scots* in Modern History:
 The present rising Glory of their Name,
 Comes up to all that's ancient in their Fame.
 At *Schellemburg*, how could they choose but fight?
 New Vigour swell'd their Nation at the sight;
 The very Spot where (a) *Hepburn* Storm'd before,
 And Conquering *Scots*, *Imperial* Standards tore.
 Where *Ramsay*, *Murray*, *Rhea*, and *Hamilton*,
 Like Lyons fought, the *Swedes* amaz'd look'd on,
 And saw th' impregnable Intrenchments won.

And now the *Scots* in Valour still the same,
 Worthy the Race, and equal in their Fame;
 With the same Fury, gain the same Applause,
 The same the Courage, and the same the Cause:

The

(a) *Hepburn* storm'd before. The *Scots* in the King of *Sweden's* Army, beat *John de Werth*, the *Bavarian* General, out of his Intrenchments at *Schellemburg*, where they had posted themselves, almost upon the same Ground where the *French* and *Bavarians* were now posted. Here *Ramsay*, and *Rhea*, two Collonels of the *Scots*, according to the usual and particular Bravery of these two Ancient Families, entred the Intrenchments Sword in Hand, with a very great Slaughter of the Enemy.

The same the Circumstance, the same Success,
That great (b) *Gustavus* saw, great *Marlbro'* This.

Let future Poets *Blenheim's* Trophies sing,
And *Ramellies* to Chime, with *Leipsick* bring ;
There *Orkney*, *Campbell*, *Hamilton*, and *Hay*,
Shall match the Hero's, and shall match the Day.
To Times last Period, hand their Nations Fame,
And ev'ry Ages Glory, shall the next Enflame.

(b) *Gustavus* saw. The *Bavarians* Complemented *Gustavus Adolphus*, on the taking the Intrenchments at *Schellemburg*, as a thing they thought impracticable ; and the People of the *Danewert* say, It has been Thirteen times Attack'd, and never was Taken till then ; which I take to be an equal Honour to the *Scots* Troops under the Duke of *Marlborough*, as to their Ancestors under the King of *Sweden* ; These have a great share in the late Attack under the Command of Lord *Orkney*, as the other had under Colonel *Hepburn*.

CALEDONIA:
A
POEM, &c.

PART III.

THEIR Foreign Deeds are trac'd, and now we
come,
To search the Fund of *Fame* that's left at home ;
A Thousand (a) Kings, the mighty Land possess,
In *Merit* greater, tho' in *Title* less.

Kings

(a) *Kings*. Alluding here to the Ancient Figure, in which the Isle of *Britain* is generally supposed to be, when every Nobleman was a Sovereign upon his own Estate, some Marks of which Sovereignty, are yet remaining, and within few Years past, were very visible in several of the Noble Families of *Scotland*, particularly in the Family of *Douglafs*, who pursued, fought, took Prisoner of War, Sir *William Harris* of *Terriglis*, for having withdrawn himself from his Vassalage, or Dependance, and esteeming him as his own Servant, taken in Arms, where his Jurisdiction or Regality extended, upon his own Authority, put him to Death. *Godscrofs's History of the House of Douglafs*, page 187. The same Earl of *Douglafs* executed Justice upon *Mackellane*, Tutor of *Bumbee*, Chief of his Name, and one of the Principal Houses in *Galloway*, for Murdering one of his Servants ; King *James* himself interceded for him in vain.

Kings in Command, and in superiour Race,
 And Virtue Ripens such for Crowns a pace.
 Nobility of Blood, their Actions suit,
 And Action here, *indents* the Attribute ;
 Here Families in Lines of Virtue run,
 The Father's Merit *doubling* in the Son.
 The growing Honour forms a just Encrease,
 First Crowns in War, and then Rewards in Peace.

Illustrious Blood, with more Illustrious Hand,
 In proper Channels has been here retain'd ;
 Th' Antiquity, which other Nations boast,
 Would here *turn Modern*, and in Age be lost.
 Scotland in Senior Glory will contend,
 When lame Chronology *with Age* grows Blind.
 Here mighty Ancestors preserve their Stile,
 From long Prescription, ancient as the Isle.

Not rais'd on Party Favour, Bribes and Fear,
 Blood, Tyranny, Oppression, Theft and War ;
 Not rais'd by strength OF FACE, or strength of
 Purse,
 A Stock of Money, or a Stock *that's worse* ;
 But from the Youth of Time, their Names remain,
 When Virtue only could that Fame obtain.
 Back, *further back* than Story can relate,
 When Infant Nations fix'd their Forms of State.

When Tricks of State, and Court Intrigue un-
 known,
 No Mighty Knave, could Brother Villain Crown.
 From Blood to Blood their Violence pursue,
 First *steal their Honours*, then proclaim 'em due.
 By Fraud and strong Oppressions, Crowns obtain,
 While those support the Frauds, and these the Reign ;

Alternate Violences Fame supply,
The *Modern Fund* of mean Nobility.

If there be any thing in Birth and Blood,
Or were Antiquity *but understood* ;
If the old Trophies of our Fathers Fame,
When thoughts of Virtue burn, *would fan the Flame* ;
Make us their Steps of Dignity pursue,
And *Ancient Honours* would excite to new.
If any true Nobility remains,
And Virtue could by Blood possess the Veins.
Then let's no farther search the World in vain,
To Ancient *Rome*, and lost Records of *Spain* ;
Nations in Barb'rous *Hydra*-mixtures rais'd,
And only by their own too partial Flatteries prais'd:
Fabii, *Cornelli*, and the *Bruti* yield
To *Caledonian* Tribes, the *Ancient Field*.
Cummin, *Duff*, *Donald*, *Strathern*, *Hay*, and *Keith*,
And Names would run Fame's Trumpet out of *Breath*.
Their old Armorial Honours still retain,
While *Rome* in Modern Lines *contends in vain*.

Nor has the Country lent her partial Fame,
And from her later Towns bestow'd the Name ;
Not Towns the *Names*, but *Names* the Towns Com-
mand,
And Families take Titles from the *Land*:
So *Douglafs*, *Marr* and *Southerland* survive,
And not from *Towns*, but *Provinces* derive.
Kingdoms of old, who tho' the Claim's laid down,
Yet in th' *Antiquity* they keep the Crown.
The Blood of Princes in their Race we see,
And modern Merit joyns to old Nobility.

Blest are the Families that great in Blood,
Have *thus* their truest Honour understood ;

That

Part III. *A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.* 41

That on the Base of Virtue Built their Fame,
And join it to *that (a) lesser Praise* their Name,
The only Just and truly great Design ;
For Virtue helps Nobility to shine.

Then who shall search the long forgotten Roll,
Examine all the Parts, or *Sum* the whole ?
Who shall the Impotence of Art supply,
Beyond the reach of Books or Heraldry ?
(*b*) There Gordon, Lindsay, Crawford, Marr, and Wem'ss,
With Seaton, Ramsay, Cuninghame and Gra'ams,
Forbes, Ross, Murray, Bruce, Dunbar and Hume,
And Names for whom no Poet can make Room ;
Remote in Birth, in Names and Honours known,
The Caledonian Glory through the World have shown.

Where shall the *Galick Trophies* now appear ?
The Ancient *Belge* would look modern here.
Not *Momerancy*, not the great *Nassau*,
Could Ancestors like these, directly draw.

Douglafs with Native Dignities adorn'd,
Ancient beyond Record,

Records they scorn'd.
The

(*a*) *Lesser Praise*. I know this Word is objected against as ungrammatical, and therefore by some very carefully avoided in Verse, and by others, perhaps, too critically Censur'd ; but as I have very good Authority for the Word, I venture the Indignation of the Criticks, and anticipate their Observations, by referring them to the following Examples, *πρότερον prior προτεράτερον minor μετότερον*, Which in English cannot be express'd by any other Word than what I here make use of, LESSER, which is form'd from the Comparative *Less*, exactly after the same manner.

(*b*) 'Tis hop'd the Gentlemen whose Names are included in these Lines, will not find Fault with the Author for not observing Precedency either in Dignity or Antiquity, the necessity of Rhime, Measure and Cadence being his just Excuse, and which he desires them to accept in that particular.

The World's the general (a) Record of their House,
 When Histories are silent and abstruse.
 The Fund of Families is in their Blood,
 And the (b) *Fam'd Scots* on their Shoulders stood ;
 A Race of Princes from their fruitful Stem,
 Has been a living History to them.
 Their Fame that's past, foretold their Fame to come,
 They're Dukes abroad before they're Dukes at home.
 The Nation's willing Honours did afford,
 And these cut out their Glory by the Sword ;
 For 'twas the early Fortunes of their Blood,
 To have their Worth both Crown'd *and understood* ;
 Princes by their strong Swords possess their Crowns,
 And grateful *France* their Antient Glory owns :

When Men are of true Merit first possess,
 Justice prevails, the World supply's the rest.
 For Characters *will always* suit Mens Deeds,
 Honours will follow, when our Vertue leads.

The

(a) *Record*. Here I make no question but to be animadverted upon for my different way of expressing the word *Record*, and changing the Quantity, making the Vowel long in the last Syllable of the first, and short in the last Syllable of the second. But for this, I have so good an Authority, that all Men will allow it sufficient to justify me ; being from such a Master of the Language as *Buchanan* himself, as follows.

Dies tenebras & tenebra Diem,

Buch. Pl. 19. ver. 2. l. 1.

Which being the Verse call'd *Dactylicus albaicus*, the second Foot is always *Jambus*, and the third and fourth *Dactyli*.

(b) *Fam'd Scots*. The Author of the History of the House of *Douglafs*, tells us, That *William Douglafs*, Grand Child to *Sholto Douglafs*, was the Father of the Noble Family of the *Scoti* at *Placenza* in *Italy*. Fol. 5. And some say, That by a Marriage between a Branch of the said Family of *Scoti*, and some of the Ancient Line of the House of *Scotland*, was the Original of the Family of *Marr-e-Scoti*, a great and flourishing Family in *Italy* to this day.

The Mighty Branch that now supports the Race,
Ripens the blooming Stock for Fame apace,
 With high instructing well directed Hand,
 Shews him both how *t' obey*, and how *Command*,
 By Just Example guides him to pursue,
 And double all their *Ancient Deeds* with *New*.

Himself with steady hand the State directs,
 Suppresses Factions, Liberty protects,
 Scatters the threatening Clouds, prevents the Storms,
 And gently all *mistaken Zeal* reforms;
Backward to punish, bears th' insulting Street,
 Yet makes his *Patience* and his *Justice* meet:
 And when their Pride his Government defies,
 PITYS: For 'tis below him to despise;
 Great ANN'S Illustrious Scepter 'tis he sways,
 And while he rules, *Envy her self* obeys;
 Malice may swell, and *wild Dislike* appear,
 But all their Spleen *ferments into Despair*;
 Grov'ling they lie in Grief and Discontent,
 Crush'd by the *Chariot Wheels* of Government.
 So *Devils chain'd*, their Hate of Heaven express,
 But as their Rage *grows great*, their Power *grows less*.

Campbells, the modern Glory of this Isle,
 Their doubling Fame's encreas'd in great *Argile*;
 Born to be great, to Noblest Blood ally'd,
 He keeps the Honour, and abates the Pride,
 For *Action fitted*, to the Wars inclin'd,
 True *Caledonian Courage* swells his Mind;
 Fitted his Country's Character to raise,
 And by great Actions hand along her Praise.
 Of antient Stock, and *long forgotten Race*,
 Nature has stamp'd their Glories in his Face.

The

The strong Impress of ev'ry manly Line
 In Characters of Native Honour shine,
 An Index of the brighter Soul within.
 A Race to *Caledonia* always dear,
 And on whose Blood her Liberties appear.
 A Race to Honour, and their Country true,
 They furnish'd Funds of *Old*, he heaps up stores of *New*.

Nor shall weak prejudice debauch our Pen,
 To flatter prosp'rous Fate, and gild the Crimes of
 Men;
 But undistinguish'd Virtue we'll rehearse,
 For partial Praises are below our Verse.

Curst be that Party-Spleen that shuts Men's Eyes,
 From the just Merits of their Enemies;
 That prepossess'd by Feud, denies Applause,
 And dares not praise *the Man* without the *Cause*.
 Where Honour claims it, *Honour will be just*,
 And where Mens Actions praise'em, *all Men must*.

Gordon, by Family and Fortunes great,
 Tho' lost in Solitude and long Retreat,
 Shall rise in Honour, as He's great in Mind,
 Brave as the *Roman*, as the *Christian* kind,
 A Gen'rous Enemy, a Faithful Friend.

Faction's below him, if he does dislike,
 He always dares to show his Face, and strike;
Treason's a Stab i'th' dark, that Man that's brave,
 May show the Enemy, cannot show the Knave.

The *Hamiltons* of old ally'd to Fame,
 Illustrious in Blood, and *more in Name*;
 In ancient Wars e're other Lines begun,
 These had a length of tow'ring Fortunes run.

III. }
Part III. *A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.* 45

Titles from (a) *France*; from *Sweden* Wounds and Scars,
And batter'd Bones they bring from *Belgick* Wars;
Yet fraught with Honour, and Rewards of Fame,
Honour revives, and Years increase the Flame.
Eight Noble Branches hand their Glory down,
Channels of Blood from *Caledonia's* Crown, }
Each have large shares of Merit of their own.
Each in their proper Lines their Houses raise,
By *Pers'nal* and *Hereditary* Praise.

What Debt of Praise are to the *Lesly's* due?
Who shall their Family or Fame pursue?
The bloody Steps no single Line can trace,
Nor Envy fetch'd from *Hell*, their History deface.
Born Gen'rals, all by Nature fram'd for War,
In ev'ry *Battle's Front* their Names appear;
The *Swede*, the *Russ*, and the *Hungarians* yield,
To them the willing Tribute of the Field;
From *Esseck Bridge* to mighty *Astracan*,
Their Terrors with the Barb'rous Crowds remain.
Grafted on this Old Stock, and to their Fame,
Leven adds Modern Glory to the Antient Name;
Scorland depends on his experienc'd Hand,
Safe, Not in *Armies*, but in his Command.
HE, young in *Years*, yet very old in *Arms*,
Guards her from *Foreign*, or *Domestick Harms*;
His Faithful Aids new vig'rous Life afford,
And boldly draws *Hereditary* Sword.

Stuart antient as the Hills from which they sprung,
The Mountains still do to the Name belong;

From

(a) *Titles from France.* The Ancestors of this Noble Family obtain'd the Title of *Duke of Chateau Renault* in *France*; and by which Title they were known in *Scorland*, at the time of the Reformation.

From hence they branch to ev'ry high Degree:
And Foreign Courts embrace the Progeny.

The rising Stem with thirst of Glory fir'd,
Not he to th' Crown, the Crown to him aspir'd;
His high attracting Fame the Nation drew,
They gave old Crowns, and Fate supply'd the new.

Thy Scepter, *Caledonia*, in their Hand,
First rais'd the real Glory of the Land;
And seven successive Branches held the Crown,
Till *Britain* vail'd, and made the *Stuarts* her own.

What Blood, what Wars, what strong convulsive
(Throws,
Britannia fill'd with inbred Vapour *knows*?
How oft the intervening Hand of Blood,
Has their successive Happiness withstood?
Spread the dark Vail, let's hide the dismal Scene,
Let others paint the Horrid draught, our Pen
Shall show the bright, and wish the rest unseen.

ANN, the remaining Glory of the Race,
With unexempl'd Lustre fills the place,
Without their failings all their Virtue shares,
And *Britains* bright Imperial Joy prepares.
Blest be the Hour, blest that auspicious Reign
When *ANN*, the *Stuarts* last Glory, shall obtain
That Calm, both Nations long have wish'd in Vain.
When Years of *Rapine* and *Revenge* shall cease,
And Feuds of *Blood* be lost in Floods of *Peace*;
Reserv'd for her, reserv'd to Crown the Line,
Sever'd too long, the listning Nations Joyn.
Nature directs, concurring Cause invites,
The Nations say Amen, and all of course Unites.
Then Party Hate, and Border Spleen lay'd down,
Our Hearts shall first unite, and then the Crown;

Britain

Part III. *A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.* 47

Britain be one, one End and Interest view,
And hand in hand, *one Happiness* pursue.

A Galaxy of Worthies now appear,
And spread the *Caledonian* Hemisphere ;
ROXBURGH enjoys the Curse of all Mans Praise,
And *TWEEDALE* adds true Lustre to the ancient
HARS.

Grave and sedate, he fill'd his Sovereign's Throne,
Maintain'd its Honour, and increas'd his own.

Montrose revives the Ancient Race of *Gra'me*,
From Time and Injury retrieves the Name,
Lays all his Family Oppressions by,
And in his Country's Good, lets just Resentment dye ;
In *Scotland's* Secret Council he presides,
With early Prudence every Action guides ;
Sober, *not dull*, Pious, and *not precise*,
Grave, *without Age*, without Experience wise ;
More *thinking*, more *sedate* than he appears,
In Understanding older, *than in Tears*.

Glasgow adorns the Ancient Name of *BOTLE*,
The Name's a constant Honour to the Isle,
A Name *Britannia* always boasts to hear,
For Learning, Wisdom, Wealth and Character
Increas'd in *England*, and increasing here. }

The God of Musick joyns when *COLVIL* plays,
And all the Muses dance to *HADDINGTONS* Essays ;
The Charms are mutual, piercing and compleat,
This in his Art excells, and That in Wit.

Seafield, and *Marr*, and *Loudoun* guide the State,
By Birth and Place, *still more by Merit great*.
No Malice can their Characters conceal,
But *Those* direct the Sceptre, *This* the Seal:

The

The well instructed Pilots of the Realm
 Who, while just *Queensberry* steers, *assist the Helm* :
 With *making Cares* they all surround the Throne,
 Support the *Well known burthens* of the Crown ;
 Th' important Drudgery *with Pleasure* do,
 Their Country's Safety, *not their own*, pursue.
 Thro' Storms of *Tumult* and *Distraction* steer,
 Not rais'd with Hope, and not suppress'd with Fear ;
 With Calm, *but steady hand*, the *Factions* guide
 At once, they yield to, *and resist* the Tide :
 Wisely they calm the Feuds *Weak Heads* create,
And heal the wild Distempers of the State ;
 To every tender part their Hands apply,
 And to the Mischiefs suit the Remedy ;
 True Patriot-Principles their Minds possess,
 Their Country Them, and They their Country bless.
 But their just Zeal to ANN's Immortal Throne,
 Makes every Noble Character *their own*.

Nothing a Princes Wisdom more displays,
 Than choice of Counsellors ;

The double Praise,
 Is always first the Monarchs, then their own,
 First it illustrates, then supports the Throne.

But we'll no more pursue the mighty Train,
 Whom to describe our Verse attempts in vain ;
 The Muses vail before th' Illustrious Throng,
 Too bright for Verse, too num'rous for our Song ;
 Our Ancestors had merited in vain,
 If our new steps did not their old maintain :
 But as our Modern Virtue stands as high,
 The present Worthies do the past supply ;
 A certain Pledge, our Name shall never dye.

And

And now with just regard let's view the Fair,
 Beauty can make no Breach of Union here ;
 Th' Equalities agree on either hand,
 The Ladies *no equivalent* demand ;
 Nor will their Virtue be exhausted here,
 But still the Sex their just Proportions bear :
 Blest Mixture, equally Devout and Gay,
 For Virtue only can both smile and pray.

No Scale of calculated Right will lie
 Betwixt the Quantity and Quality ;
England indeed the larger Roll may claim,
 And *English* Beauty will preserve her Name ;
 But these the Merit equally divide,
 Have all their Beauty, only want their Pride.

And now to Wonders turn your list'ning Ear,
 Visit the Commonwealth of *Learning* here ;
 See how *Apollo's* Nus'ry thrives, and how
Wit blooms in spight of Climate, Storms and Snow ;
 The Muses all laborious and severe,
 Are *Gard'ners* bred, and work like *Horses* here ;
 There Seeds of *Science* carefully they sow,
 Here cultivate the Soil, to make 'em grow ;
 Plant, Prune, Inoculate, the Seasons tend,
 And ev'ry fruitful Scyon to its Stock they bend.

See here, how ev'ry Plant in order thrives,
 And spight of Clime, the tend'rest Blossom lives ;
 Here *Epicks*, thick as *Groves of Laurel* grow,
 And strong *Heroicks*, plac'd in Walks below ;
Lyricks and *Pastorals*, in even Lays,
 And *Panegyricks* circled round with Bays ;

There Knowledge grows, for Quantity and Kind,
 The best, and best prepar'd t' instruct the Mind;
 Temper'd with Modesty, 'tis set by (a) Zeal,
 Fitted her rash Infections to repel.

Next this in constant Bloom's a Range of Wit,
 And ev'ry Day 'tis weeded of Conceit,
 Kept thin, intrench'd, and never runs to Seed,
 But ripens gently in its Flowry Bed;
 For Wit's a Plant so apt to grow in haste,
 It shakes the Root, and then decays as fast.

Strong Sciences in pleasing Order stand,
 With Borders of Philosophy on either hand.
 These well reward the Lab'ers constant Toil,
 Are nourish'd by, and yet improve the Soil.

But above all the Wonders of the Spot,
 A simple, Men of Learning oft forgot,
 In a small Border very cold and dry,
 Here thrives that Tender Trifle, HONESTY;
 Neglected Weed! From what strange Climate brought,
 How seldom found, indeed, how seldom sought?
 How do the easie World appear content
 With Spurious Kinds,

How very often vent
 The False for True, and give their Sense the lye,
 And make their Int'rest pass for Honesty?

Another

(a) Set by Zeal. Alluding to the Custom of Planting Rue and Sage together, which whether it be a Vulgar Error, or no, is, That the Rue is supposed to be effectual to keep Toads, and Venomous Creatures from the Sage.

Part III. C A L E D O N I A, &c.

Another Plant, *but ah!* How faint it grows !
 Not that 'tis hurt by *Climate, Frost, and Snows* ;
 But, as if Nature suffer'd strong Decay,
 It withers every where, and dies away.
 FRIENDSHIP!

The nicest Plant that ever grew,
 Talk'd of by *many*, understood by *few*.
 It's only Help is *Honesty*, and where
 That thrives, it gets some Strength ; but's very
rare ;
 By Weeds of Self, and Jealousie o're-run,
 'Tis choak'd for want of *Air*, and shaded from the
Sun.

But who shall now the *thriving Plants* describe,
 The *Ever-greens*, that quick'ning Juice imbibe,
 And furnish new Recruits to *Levi's Tribe* ?
 Sons of the Prophets at *Gamaliel's Feet*,
 Who *extract* Learning, then refin't to Wit,
 By the laborious *Lymbeck* of the Brain,
 Condense the Spirit, and let the Humid parts remain.

No loytring *Sing-song Muses* trifle here,
 Weaving THIN FANCY into Webs of Air ;
 But here they Wed the Sciences for Wives,
 And beat like *Hemp* at *Bridewell*, for their Lives :
 Th' Enquirers here to *Ida's Top* aspire,
Parnassus coolest Springs, can only quench their Fire.
 To Learning's highest Pinacles attain,
 By strong assiduous *Travel of the Brain*,
Ravish the Muses, in their Deeps delight,
 And *Learn* with the same *Fury* as they *Fight* ;
 To curious Search, to Things, and Books so prest,
 The Ancients or the Moderns find no rest,
 Till Universal Knowledge fills the Mind,
 And all the Soul's from Dross, and Ignorance refin'd.

Hence they to ev'ry strong Attainment reach,
 And what they learn so well, *as well* they teach ;
 In ev'ry Art, in ev'ry Science grow,
 Not proud of *knowing*, but are proud *to know*.
 Push to a Vice, *the Lust* of doing well,
 And in whate'er they Practise, they excel.

Humes and *Da'rymples* here adorn the Law,
 With steady Justice,
 Neither drive nor draw ;
 But with the *Head inform'd*, and *Hand upright*,
 Give every Cause its own Impartial Weight.

In every Branch of Learning, here they rise,
 Nothing *too high* they fear, *too low* despise ;
 In every Science, every *Just Extream*,
 Men of Perfection may be found with them.

The Laws in *Mists and Darknes*, they make clear,
 And Physick thrives in spight of wholsome Air ;
Pharmacopœia, void of Simples, lives,
 And *Surgery* in *barren Practice* thrives,
Philosophy meer simple Knowledge vents,
 Rather by *Nature*, than *Experiments*.
Musick, in spight of *Discord*, charms the Ear,
 And *Jarring Parties*, break no Consort here.

Thus Blest with Art, Enrich'd with Heads and
 Hands,
 Producing Seas, and *more productive* Lands ;
 The Glimate sound, the People prompt and strong ;
Why is her Happiness delay'd so long ?
 Why with such Patience, and so long endure,
 Distempers Prudence could *so quickly cure* ?

Why

Part III. *A Poem, in Honour of Scotland.*

53

Why still on *Nature's Common Bounty* live?
And why *so soon content* with what *She'll give*?
For where *Contentment* makes *Endeavour* less,
'Tis then a *Vice*, and not a *Happiness*.
So the (a) fam'd *Sluggard* Starv'd, and reason good,
For want of *Feeding*, not for want of *Food*.

Bear the *Reproof*, the fruitful *Climate's* known,
Not *Heaven* or *Nature* blame, *the Fault's your own*;
The *Earth* Adapt to bear, the *Air*, the *Sea*,
All fruitful, all to *Plenty* show the way;
No *Barrenness*, but in your *Industry*.

'Tis *Blasphemy* to say the *Climate's* *Curst*,
Nature will ne'er be fruitful till *she's forc'd*;
'Twas made her *Duty* from her first *Decay*,
The *Sweating Brow* alone, and *labouring hand* t' obey,
And these she never *does*, nor *dares deny*.

And yet this *Sloth* is not their proper *Crime*,
'Tis due to *Poverty*, and that to *Time*.
Hail *SLOTH* and *POVERTY*, from *Stygian Air*,
Ushers to *Death*, and *Handmaids* to *Despair*.

Strange *Birth*, the meer *Perfection* of a *Curse*,
That find Men *Mis'erable*, and make them worse;
Of ill connected *self-ingendring Birth*,
First circulate themselves, and then the *Earth*;
Infernal Harmony of *Causes* make,
And in true *Circles* of *Distress* they walk;
Vile *Sloth* and *Poverty*, of *Spurious Breed*,
Neither from *Heaven* or *Earth*, but of themselves
proceed;

Begot

(a) *Prov.* The *Sluggard* would not pull his *Hand* out of his
Bosom, to put it to his *Mouth*.

Begot in Life, by long degenerate Time,
 'Twixt Stagnate Vertue, and Impregnate Crime.

'Twin Monsters, neither Seed nor Off-spring
 know,

But concreate, by meer Succession flow.
 No proper Source, but from themselves they find,
 And by supine Infusions reach the Mind.
 All Nature's Rules, by their own Power reject,
 And are themselves the Cause, themselves th' Effect ;
 Th' alternate Misery ne'er leaves the Door,
 But Poverty makes Sloth, and Sloth makes poor ;
 Unnatural Mixtures form the gend'ring Pair,
 Alternately they both beget and bear.
 No Proper Seeds of Life, or living show,
 They're born in Death, and in Consumptions grow ;
 Superior Witchcraft forms the dismal Race,
 And Devils unknown below, connect the Face.
 Th' Unhappy Wretch, when Hag-rid and posselt,
 The Crimes are in his Countenance confest.

A Sanguine, Pale, and drooping Brightness
 shine,

This always Saturnine, and That Supine ;
 Joyn'd Hand in Hand, they living Death display,
 And Life in full perfection of Decay.

No Misery's so great, but they make worse,
 Each others Being, and each others Curse.

They mingle Death with every Punct of Time,
 And only in Destruction are Sublime ;

Slow Poisons, which no Antidote can cure,
 Lingring in Life, and in Destruction sure ;

Potent in Strength, their strong Dominions grow,
 Not Men, but Nations, they can overthrow,

Wake Scotland, from thy long Lethargick Dream,
 Seem what thou art, and be what thou shalt seem ;

Shake

Shake off the *Poverty*, the *Sloth* will die,
Success alone, can quicken *Industry*.
 No more the *Bondage* of *Reproach* endure,
 Or bear those *Harms* thou canst *so quickly* cure.
 To *Land Improvement*, and to *Trade* apply,
 They'll plentifully pay thine *Industry*.
 The *Barren Muirs* shall weighty *Sheaves* bestow,
 Th' *Uncultivated Vales*, rich *Pastures* show,
 The *Mountains Flocks* and *Herd*s; instead of *Snow*. }

Nature's a *Virgin* very *Chast* and *Coy*,
 To *Court* her's *Nonsense* ; if ye will enjoy,
 She must be *Ravish'd* ;

When she's forc'd, she's free,
A perfect Prostitute to *Industry* ;
 Freely she opens to th' *Industrious Hand*,
 And pays them all the *Tribute* of the *Land*.
 The *Strong Laborious Hand* she can't Deny,
 She's only *Backward*, where they won't apply.
 Here *Fruitful Hills*, and there the *Flov'ry Plain*,
 Deep, undiscover'd *Funds* of *Wealth* contain.
 The *Silver Veins*, and vast *Metallick Store*.
 Forbid to call her *Wildest Mountains* poor.
 The *Mines* of *Lead*, of *Copper*, and of *Coal*,
 Enrich the several *Parts*, those *Parts* the *Whole*.
 Nothing remains to make her *Wealth* compleat,
 But that her *Right Hand*, and her *Left* may meet.

F I N I S.

[illegible]

When the 2nd of May, 1862, was reached, the ship was found to be in the hands of the enemy. The ship was captured by the British and the crew were taken to the island of St. Helena. The ship was then sent to the island of St. Helena and the crew were taken to the island of St. Helena. The ship was then sent to the island of St. Helena and the crew were taken to the island of St. Helena.



